

'Highland Mary' episode, and too little of what he really felt for Jean Armour, and of Jean's intense loyalty to him and devoted care of him. The real facts about Highland Mary will never be known. They comprise the one episode of Burns' life which is veiled in mystery. But one can study the poet's life closely enough to see that the persecution which in the early days seemed to hopelessly separate him from love drove him to Highland Mary for solace, and that Mary's sudden death idealized that Highland lassie in his memory. There was not much more to it, and Jean never troubled herself about it. There has been a sad waste of popular sympathy over Highland Mary. It is to loyal Jean our thoughts should turn. Burns' love for her and for his children was very great. That is a pleasing picture of him handed down by one who saw him 'sitting in the summer evening at his door with his little daughter in his arms, dangling her, and singing to her, and trying to elicit her mental faculties.' The little girl died in the autumn of 1795, when her father's health was failing."

#### THE AIR WE BREATHE.

Nature always does her work well when unmolested, life being dependent upon her, and her ways are always worthy of man's observation and imitation. Her manner of purifying the air is similar to that by which water is purified, and we must imitate her method as closely as possible when we wish to doctor the air.

Motion, mechanical and molecular, the great law of the universe, is first to be considered as a natural method for the purification of the atmosphere. Its power as a purifier of the air is shown mechanically in the flow of rivers and in the ocean currents; molecularly it serves the same purpose in the form of heat, light, and electricity.

When not in motion, air stagnates as water does and becomes offensive and bad, because it is easily impregnated with fine animal and vegetable dust as well as noxious gases. Certain physical conditions are always necessary for the continual movement of the air. We know that the diurnal motion of land and sea air brings the warm days and cool nights as well as the rain and wind. In the tropical regions, as the sun rises the heat of the day increases and the breeze sets in from the sea to the land; as the sun goes down the heat diminishes, and at sunset the temperature of sea and land are equal. At night again the breeze is from land to sea, until morning, when the temperature may become equal and the sea breeze return.—*Sydney A. Dunham, M. D., in The Chautauquan for May.*

#### FAMILY WORSHIP.

There is probably no mistress of a household who has not felt an uncertain hospitality about asking her guests to join in her family worship. Everyone has acquaintances she would not hesitate to ask to the table, and would hesitate to ask to the home altar. Perhaps the reluctance arises from a dissimilarity of creed, and a fear of offense in consequence. More likely it arises from that sin of restraining spiritual confidence, which is a peculiarly besetting one in this materialistic age; for the diversity of creed is no bar. Prayer has nothing to do with creeds. Prayer is the universal religion, and men of every creed and men of no creed may meet together at the feet of one heavenly Father. The reluctance more likely arises from that weak shamefacedness that too often prevents sympathy between friends on spiritual subjects. They are afraid to be misunderstood, smiled at criticised. This latter idea is one that even good and great men have not always met bravely, for when Dr. Fuller once had some guests of great quality and fashion, God-fearing as he was, he omitted his family worship on their account. This act, which he bitterly repented, he designated as "a bold bashfulness, which durst offend God, while it did fear man." But we should remember with the grand old preacher that our guests, though they be ever so high or rich, are yet by all the laws of hospitality below us while they sojourn under our roof. Therefore whoever comes within our door should come within our household customs and discipline. If they sit at our table for meat, it is but kind and right that they should also bow at it in prayer.—*Amelia E. Barr, in "Ladies' Home Journal."*

#### LOST, THE SUMMER.

R. M. ALDEN.

Where has the summer gone?

She was just here a minute ago,

With roses and daisies

To whisper her praises—

And every one loved her so!

Has any one seen her about?

She must have gone off in the night!

And she took the best flowers

And the happiest hours,

And asked no one's leave for her flight.

Have you noticed her steps in the grass?

The garden looks red where she went;

By the side of the hedge,

There's a goldenrod edge,

And the rose vines are withered and bent.

Don't you fear she is sorry she went?

It seems but a minute since May!

I'm scarcely half through

What I wanted to do:

If she only had waited a day.

Do you think she will ever come back?

I shall watch every day at the gate

For the robins and clover,

Saying over and over,

"I know she will come, if I wait."

#### THE SIZE OF THE MOON.

The moon is a comparatively small world; yet, although three of Jupiter's and one of Saturn's moons are much larger, it is, in proportion to its primary, the largest satellite of the solar system. Its diameter is twenty-one hundred and sixty miles, which means that it would take forty-nine moons to make a globe the size of the earth.—*Alden W. Quimby in July Ladies' Home Journal.*

#### A SINGING "BEAST."

A Chinaman lately visited Europe, where he saw many strange things, and, like other travelers, took pleasure in describing to his friends, when he returned, all that seemed to him strange or wonderful. Among the things he had never seen before were pianos, and this is what he said about them:

"The Europeans keep a four-legged beast which they make sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal and steps on its tail, at the same time striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than a bird, is pleasant to listen to. The beast does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up."

#### A CHILD'S IDEA.

Flossie was seven years old when her mamma took her to live in the country. All her life she had lived in the heart of a large manufacturing town, and knew nothing of the beauties of the country. Oh, how delighted she was with the beauties of the fields, the buttercups and daisies! But most of all she loved to hear the lark singing its song of joy far away up in the blue sky. But she never thought it was a bird that sent the sweet, clear music through the air. One day she was sitting in the garden. The lark was not visible; but his song was heard, ever bright and melodious, as it mingled with the soft, sighing summer wind; and the child listened eagerly.

"What are you looking at Flossie?" said her mamma.

"Nothing, mamma," answered Flossie.

"Are you listening to the lark? He is too far up for you to see him."

"The lark, mamma? Is that the lark?"

"Yes, of course it is. What did you think it was, darling?"

"I thought," said Flossie, with a slightly disappointed look, "it was the angels."—*Nora D. Gardner.*

Luck takes a nap while brains and hard work are winning the prizes.